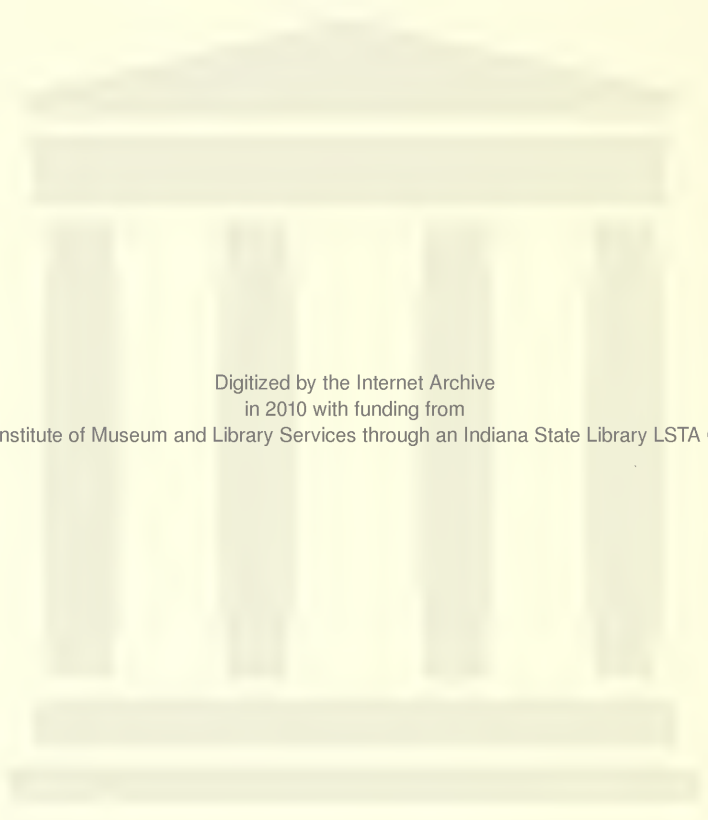


LINCOLN
CENTENNIAL



A D D R E S S E S
delivered before the Com-
mandery of the State of
New York, Military Order
of the Loyal Legion of the
United States, at the regular
meeting held February 3,
1909, at Delmonico's, in
observance of the One
Hundredth Anniversary of
the birth of President
ABRAHAM LINCOLN



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President Abraham Lincoln

General Anson G. McCook, Senior Vice-Commander, commanding, presided, and spoke as follows:

Since the organization of this Commandery two Commanders have died in office, Ulysses S. Grant, in July, 1885, and Joseph B. Coghlan, in December, 1908. The sudden death of Admiral Coghlan was not only a shock to all of us, but thereby another distinguished name has been placed on the roll of our honored dead. His life was an active and useful one. He served the country with gallantry and distinction in war and in peace for over forty years. He was devoted to the interests of this Commandery and to the charitable and patriotic purposes for which the Loyal Legion was established. He was a loyal friend and as manly and lovable a gentleman as I have ever known.

A delegation from this Commandery accompanied his body to Washington and he is buried in historic Arlington, by the side of thousands of his comrades who died for the Union, and not far from another well-beloved member of this Commandery, General Martin T. McMahon.

He was buried with the honors due his rank and station. The guns of Fort Meyer fired an artillery salute, a company of marines fired three volleys over his grave, and when taps were sounded there were few dry eyes among those who were there to do honor to their commander and friend.

Immediately after the return of the delegation the Board of Officers convened and a committee was appointed consisting of General Hubbard, Captain James Parker and Paymaster Barton to prepare resolutions in regard to our former commander.

General Hubbard is here and I ask him to read the resolutions to the Commandery.

General Hubbard read the following report:

The New York Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion has dedicated this evening to the commemoration of the birth and life of Abraham Lincoln. It is fitting that it should at the same time record its affectionate remembrances of that other Union loving native of Kentucky and citizen of the United States, its late Commander, Rear Admiral Joseph B. Coghlan, U. S. Navy, who died since its last meeting and who like his great predecessors, Farragut and Grant, held at the time of his death the highest office of the Commandery.

Joseph B. Coghlan was born in Frankfort, Kentucky, December 19, 1844, and on September 27, 1860, when less than sixteen years of age, was appointed Midshipman from the Eighth District of Illinois, and sent to the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland. On May 28, 1863, his class was ordered to sea, a year in advance of the usual time, and he was commissioned Ensign. On July 20th he was ordered to duty on the "Sacramento" and served on her until August 17, 1865. During this last interval, that vessel was actively engaged in pursuit of the Confederate cruiser "Alabama" and arrived off Cherbourg only a few days after the "Kearsage" had destroyed that famous vessel. September 19, 1865, he was assigned to duty on the old steam Sloop-

of-war "Brooklyn"; March 8, 1866, was commissioned Master; November 10, 1866, promoted Lieutenant; March 12, 1868, promoted Lieutenant-Commander. From this time until February, 1882, his duties were those of naval officers of his rank in time of peace. He served on the U. S. S. "Portsmouth" in 1868; on the "Richmond" from 1869 to 1871; in command of the "Saugus" in 1875 and 1876; as Executive of the "Dictator" in 1876; on the "Colorado" in 1877; as Executive of the "Monongahela" in 1878 and 1879; as Executive of the "Independence," 1879 to 1882. In intervals between his service on these vessels he was assigned to various shore duties at League Island, at the Hydrographic office and elsewhere.

While Lieutenant-Commander he wrote a savage letter to an old clerk in the Navy Department, for which he was tried by Court Martial, and punished by suspension, April 22, 1876, for one year and to retain his then number on the list of Lieutenant-Commanders. The offence was a mere outbreak of high temper and involved nothing dishonorable; and on April 14, 1902, the President granted a pardon which restored him, then Rear-Admiral, to the position on the Navy list that he had lost by sentence of the Court Martial. This restoration met with the unanimous approval of the gallant officer's friends and brother officers.

On the 4th of February, 1882, he was promoted Commander; on August 4, 1883, he was ordered to command U. S. S. "Adams" and served on her until September 8, 1884. On the 23rd of August, 1888, he was ordered to command the "Mohican," on which vessel he served until January 23, 1890. November 18, 1896, he was promoted Captain.

On March 25, 1897, he was ordered to command the "Raleigh." Under his command that vessel took part in the battle of Manila Bay, as one of Commodore George Dewey's squadron, on May 1, 1898.

On June 10, 1898, Captain Coghlan was "advanced six numbers in grade for eminent and conspicuous conduct in battle on May 1, 1898, while in command of the U. S. S. 'Raleigh,' during the battle of Manila Bay."

From this time his health was impaired, but he so recovered that, on April 11, 1902, he was promoted Rear Admiral. In May, 1902, he was ordered as second in command of the North Atlantic Squadron, on board the "Brooklyn" as his flag-ship. On September 17, 1902, he shifted his flag to Dewey's old flag-ship, the "Olympia," and served on her until March 21, 1904. On September 23, 1904, he became the Commander of the New York Navy Yard, where he remained until his retirement for age, and, after a few months' further service, left active duties as an officer of the Navy forever.

Rear Admiral Coghlan was elected Commander of the Commandery of the State of New York, of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, at the May meeting, 1907; and re-elected at the May meeting of 1908.

He died at his home in New Rochelle, New York, on December 5, 1908, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

His conspicuous and efficient service, merely suggested in this brief recital, deserved and won the approving recognition of his brother officers and of his country.

In the genial popular characteristics of life he was pre-eminent. He was a distinguished example of the Scriptural statement that, "A Merry heart doeth good like a medicine." No one could be brought into relations with him, without becoming at once attracted to him personally.

As a speaker on social occasions, he was inimitable. His recital of the "Hoch der Kaiser" lifted that bit of wit into a worldwide prominence; though it had been recited quite a long time before at a meeting of the "Society of the Army of the Tennessee," at Milwaukee, October, 1897. In all his addresses on such occasions he proved himself to be well described in Shakespeare's words: "He was a fellow of infinite jest; and of a most excellent fancy."

He will be greatly missed, not only by his comrades of this Commandery, and his naval friends, but by a multitude of others who have been charmed by his wit and pleasing thoughts most fitly uttered.

As illustrative of the estimation in which he was held by those over whom he was set, the following is copied from a resolution adopted by the Master Workmen of the New York Navy Yard:

"During his career as an officer, the men always found him a most fair-minded, courteous and just Commander, and we felt as if he was our personal friend and his memory has been made dear to us by his sterling qualities, and we believe and feel that we have been benefited by having come in contact with such a noble life, and that our country has lost a most gallant and courageous commanding officer."

We cannot better close our report than by quotation of the following lines:

The barge is at the gangway,
An officer mans each oar,
For the voyage of life is ended,
The Admiral goes ashore.

Ashore to the rest of the warrior,
Ashore from life's stormy sea,
Where the Captain of All the Navies,
Will welcome him on the quay.

And we who knew him and loved him,
Will miss the firm clasp of his hand,
The happy, friendly greeting,
The ringing tone of command.

Man the side in silence,
While the parting cannon roar,
A gallant gentleman leaves us,
The Admiral goes ashore.

Resolved, That this minute be entered on the records of the Commandery and that a copy be transmitted to the widow and son of our late Commander.

The report was adopted by a rising vote.

GENERAL McCook: As all of you know, the 12th of this month will be the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. By the action of Congress, of many State Legislatures and municipal authorities and by general consent of the people, the event will be celebrated throughout the country in a way worthy of the nation he did so much to save.

While it was deemed impracticable to postpone our regular meeting until the 12th, it is especially fitting that this Commandery, made up largely of veterans of the war, should take part in the celebration by making to-night a distinctively Lincoln night.

There are many good reasons for this action. Mr. Lincoln died on the 15th of April, 1865, and on that same day the initial steps were taken in Philadelphia, to organize the Loyal Legion of which we are a part. Within the next few days thousands of persons will listen to eloquent orations in regard to the life and services of the great President, but none of them can have the same deep personal interest in the man and his career, as the gray-haired men who, nearly half a century ago, served in the Army and the Navy of the Union in the war for its maintenance. [Applause.]

To us Mr. Lincoln is much more than a great historic figure. It was his voice that called us into the service; and although our Commander-in-Chief he was our sympathetic friend and comrade through the dangers and privations of the long and trying struggle. Some of us heard him address the people from the platform. Some of us saw him and heard him on the 4th of March, 1861, when, from the east front of the Capitol, he took the oath as President to "preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States." Some of us have had the honor of shaking him by the hand, and looking into his deep eyes and his kind and thoughtful face; many of us have seen him in camp and field when he inspected or reviewed the commands to which we were attached, while all of us can recall the pride and satisfaction with which we read his inspired appeals to the conscience, the courage and the patriotism of the people.

You have before you to-night as a souvenir of this meeting one of these appeals made on a great battlefield of the war. In the opinion of competent judges, in depth of feeling and beauty of expression it ranks with the best specimens of eloquence in either ancient or modern times, and nothing, perhaps, can ever take the place of the Gettysburg address in the hearts and minds of the American people. In the light, however, of modern attempts to place the responsibility for actual hostilities upon the Government of which Mr. Lincoln was the head, it may not be inopportune to refer, very briefly, to another and earlier address, in which he made an impressive appeal to the men of the South for peace and for the Union.

Seven States had already formally seceded from the Union and organized a provisional Confederate Government at Montgomery, Alabama. Forts, arsenals, dock-yards, custom-houses and post-offices, all the property of the United States, had been seized and their contents either destroyed or confiscated; while armies were being raised or tendered to maintain the rebellion by force. The country was waiting with an anxiety which you well recall, to hear what response was to be made to these acts and threats, by the untried man about to be clothed with the responsibilities of the Presidential office. There was no precedent to guide him, and many believed that longer delay to use all the powers of the Government to maintain its authority, meant the destruction of our institutions. Not so, however, thought the patient and peace-loving Abraham Lincoln to whom the preservation of the Union was paramount to all other considerations, for in words that will live as long as our language endures he concluded his first inaugural by saying:

"In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without yourselves being the aggressors. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

You know how this appeal was disregarded, and what followed when on April 12, 1861, the first rebel shell exploded over Fort Sumter and aroused the country from its dream of peace.

From that date and until the end of the war we were part of the force called into existence to aid in the work to which Mr. Lincoln's life was devoted. Very properly, therefore, we meet to-night to do honor to his memory; for it is no exaggeration, I think, to say, that under God he was largely instrumental in saving the Republic. Inestimable as were his services to liberty and to the Union, we cannot think of him without also recalling our own connection with the mighty struggle in which he was the principal figure; for even to-night the "mystic chords of memory" carry us back to the battlefields of the war, to the "patriot graves" of our gallant dead and to the days long past, when, young and strong and full of life and hope, we stood by the side of Abraham Lincoln in defence of the Union of these States.

And now I feel almost like apologizing for having detained you as long as I have from hearing the gentlemen who have been especially invited to address you. There are four of them, all well known to you and to the Commandery at large, and I am sure that all of you will be repaid if you will remain until the last man speaks.

It is hardly necessary for me to introduce to you the first speaker. Most of you know him, perhaps all of you know him personally. For many years he was our Commander. He has a reputation as a writer and speaker not only national, but international, and I therefore take great pleasure not in formally introducing General Porter, but suggesting that he is here to talk to us for awhile in regard to Mr. Lincoln.

Address of General Horace Porter

Mr. Commander and Companions:

At the breaking out of the Civil War there was a man with Southern sympathies who said he would not hang out a Union flag, that he was opposed to the war. A large body of patriotic people surrounded his house and this demonstration induced him to change his mind very rapidly. He then put his head out of the window and cried, "Gentlemen, I am convinced, and I now want to pledge you my word that I am in favor of this war and the next."

Now when your committee came to me they convinced me that I should come here and speak to you to-night, and I said, "Yes, and I will pledge you my word to come to this centennial and the next." [Laughter.]

The life of Abraham Lincoln has always seemed to me to read more like romance than reality. It is more like a fabled tale of ancient days than the story of a plain American citizen of the nineteenth century. As light and shade produce the most attractive features of a picture, so the singular contrast, the strange vicissitudes in the life of this man surround him with an interest that attaches to but few characters in history. At one time we hear of him sitting in the log cabin in which he was born, struggling by the light of a pine knot torch to read the English grammar and the two or three other books that he had been able to obtain. At another time delivering addresses which have been pronounced throughout the world masterpieces of human eloquence. At one time we see him on his jaded horse jogging along through the mud and rain, from one court house to another, trying insignificant cases before county judges. At another time wielding the helm of state of the greatest of nations and giving new interpretations to the most intricate questions of international law. These are some of the features of his remarkable career that appeal to the imagination, excite men's wonder and fascinate all who read the story of his life.

He sprung from that class that he constantly referred to as the "plain people." He always possessed their affection; and always had an abiding faith in them. Even when he wore the robes of a master he forgot not that he was still the servant of the people. He believed that governments were made for the people and not the people for governments. Throughout his career he simply did his duty and trusted to history for his meed of praise. The more history discusses him the more brilliant becomes the lustre of his name. His record is like a torch—the more it is shaken the brighter it burns. [Applause.]

If at the height of his power he had been jeered at on account of his humble origin he might well have replied in the words of the French marshal who had risen from a private in the ranks to a dukedom when the haughty nobles of Vienna refused to associate with him: "I am an ancestor; you are only descendants." [Laughter.]

Abraham Lincoln possessed in a remarkable degree that most uncommon of all virtues, common sense. With him there was no posing for effect, no attitudinizing in public, no mawkish sentimentality, no indulgence in mock heroics. There was none of that puppyism so often

bred by power, and none of that dogmatism that Dr. Johnson said was only puppyism grown to maturity. [Laughter.]

He did not want to ride in a gilded chariot of power, the dust from whose wheels would dazzle and blind his followers. He preferred to trudge along on foot so that all the people could march abreast with him. While his mind was one great storehouse of useful information, he laid no claim to any knowledge he did not possess. He seemed to feel with Addison that pedantry in learning is like hypocrisy in religion, a form of knowledge without the power of it.

He had great tact in holding his friends, in convincing those who did not agree with him and often in winning over political opponents, but he wasted no time on the absolutely recalcitrant. He had no part nor lot with those men of mental malformation who are educated beyond their intellect. [Laughter and applause.]

He never wasted any time in trying to massage the back of a political porcupine. [Laughter.] To use his own words, it was as discouraging as trying to shovel fleas across a barnyard. [Laughter.]

I have been thinking to-night how few there are left who knew Abraham Lincoln personally and who had converse with him. Why, his contemporaries have fallen like autumnal leaves.

I shall never forget—it is indelibly engraved upon my memory—the first time I had the privilege of looking upon the features and hearing the voice of that remarkable man. It was an historic occasion. It was upon the occasion of his first meeting with General Grant. Before this they had corresponded; their letters, at first official, afterwards became more intimate and familiar until they had learned to have that respect for each other which is based upon perfect confidence. On the 8th of March, 1864, General Grant arrived in Washington in the evening with his staff, coming from the West, having been summoned by the Government to receive his commission of Lieutenant General, a rank which had been created for him, and take command of all the armies. Going to Willard's Hotel, with his accustomed modesty he simply wrote his name on the register "U. S. Grant, Illinois." He heard that there was a reception at the White House given by Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln and he thought it was his duty to go immediately to see them and pay his respects. Mr. Lincoln was receiving in the Blue Room as usual, with some of his cabinet officers standing near him, shaking hands cordially with the vast crowds that passed. About half-past nine o'clock there was a commotion at the entrance door. It attracted Mr. Lincoln's attention. He saw a man walking slowly towards him, and recognizing him at once by the photographs he had seen of him, reached out his long arm, seized General Grant by the hand, drew him up close to him and cried out to Mrs. Lincoln, "What a surprise, what a delight, why, here is General Grant!" They formed a remarkable contrast. Mr. Lincoln's hair was unkempt, he wore a turned down collar two sizes too large, the motion of his long arms and legs was awkward, but there was nothing that bordered on the grotesque. He always had a certain amount of dignity in his bearing. Lincoln was six feet four inches in height, Grant five feet eight inches; Lincoln was fifty-five years of age, Grant forty-two. Both in full possession of all their mental and physical faculties. It was an inspiring sight to watch this first meeting of the illustrious Chief Magistrate of the nation and the victorious general. It was a fortunate thing for the Republic at that time that these two representatives of the cabinet and the camp into whose hands under Providence the destiny of the land had been placed had no ambitions but their country's welfare, and who, throughout that death

struggle of the nation stood shoulder to shoulder like the men in the Greek phalanx of old, linking their shields together against a common foe, and teaching the world that it is time to abandon the path of ambition when it becomes so narrow that two cannot walk it abreast. [Applause.] They soon formed a close attachment for each other and three times Mr. Lincoln came down to the front to visit General Grant in his headquarters at City Point, in front of Petersburg and Richmond, and there they continued this friendship. At night Mr. Lincoln would sit around the camp fire with General Grant and his staff officers. He sat in a camp chair—it was rather low and brought his knees up high—he crossed his legs, or rather he had a way of winding one leg around the other, and as the smoke of the fire would blow in his face he would brush it away with his large hand, and as we sat there and listened to the words of wit, wisdom and eloquence that fell from his lips, why those evenings became as enjoyable as the “Arabian Nights’ Entertainment.”

Upon his first visit he said on arriving that he had come down principally to get away from the office-seekers; he hadn’t enough offices to give them; there were not enough holes for all the pegs, as he expressed it. “The other day,” he remarked, “I had a little fever and a rash on the skin and I sent for the doctor. He said ‘I think this is a case of the measles,’ and I cried, ‘good; at last I have got something I can give to people.’” [Laughter.]

His stories were not simply anecdotes; they were more to point a moral than to adorn a tale; they were illustrations of his meaning; and they were always apt. What could have been more applicable than the very amusing story he told us in connection with the Trent affair? You know the Confederate emissaries, Mason and Slidell, were taken off the British passenger ship “Trent” by one of our war vessels. He remarked, “The English didn’t give us time to turn around. We began to receive offensive and arbitrary dispatches at once. We hardly were given time to search for precedents in international law. It was very humiliating, but we had one big war on hand and we didn’t want two at the same time. I said, ‘Well, this will only react upon that government. She in the end will be the only one hurt.’” He continued, “It reminds me of the time in Sangamon County, Illinois, when a man came along and knocked at the door of a barber shop. It was locked. He knocked at the door of the house. The barber put his head out of the window and said, ‘What’s up?’ The man answered, ‘I am going to take my best girl to a ball to-night and I have a four days’ growth of beard on my face, and I want you to come down and take it off.’ ‘I won’t do it, the shop’s closed,’ cried the barber. Said the man, ‘I have a six-shooter here that will put daylight through you if you don’t come down quick.’ He came down, seated the man in the chair, lathered his face, including the eyes, nose and mouth, and then bore down on him and cut a swath across the left cheek, taking off a pimple, two warts and a mole. Said the man in the chair, ‘Stranger, you must have been working in a stubble field—you appear to make everything level as you go.’ The barber remarked, ‘If this handle don’t break I think I’ll get away with what is there.’ But the man had such hollow cheeks that the barber couldn’t work the razor down into the valleys, and the ingenious idea occurred to him to put his finger in the man’s mouth and press the cheek out. But the razor slipped, went through the cheek and cut the barber’s finger. He drew it out, snapped off the blood, and cried, ‘There, you lantern-jawed cuss, you have made me cut my finger.’” [Laughter.] “Now,” said Mr. Lincoln, “England has tried to lacerate

us somewhat, but in the end she will find she has only cut her own finger." [Laughter.]

There was one thing that impressed me deeply on several occasions, the fact that Mr. Lincoln had the tenderest of all hearts and his sympathy went out to animals as well as to human beings. In his last visit to our camp, just before we marched out on the Appomattox campaign, I was sitting in the Adjutant's tent when Mr. Lincoln came to see if some expected dispatches from Washington had arrived. He looked down on the floor and saw crawling around there three little kittens. Their mother had died three days before and they were mewling piteously. He forgot all about the dispatches, sat down on a camp stool and tenderly picked up those little waifs, laid them in his lap, drew the skirts of his coat around them to keep them warm, wiped their eyes with his handkerchief and smoothed down their fur as they purred their gratitude. He said to the Adjutant General: "I hope you will take care of these poor little motherless waifs." Colonel Bowers replied: "I shall see that they are taken good care of, Mr. President, and well fed." "And be sure," said Mr. Lincoln, "that they have some milk three times a day." When we were all thinking about the movements of great armies and studying the science of destruction, it was a touching sight to see those three stray kittens fondled by the hand that with a single stroke of the pen had struck the shackles from the limbs of four millions of bondsmen, and had signed the commissions of the illustrious heroes of a great war. It was a trifling incident, but it spoke more loudly than many an important act of the tenderness of the great man's heart. [Applause.]

He came down to camp just after he had been elected the second time. We were talking about the methods of election and about the electoral college, when he said, "Well, the electoral college is the only college where they choose their own masters."

In speaking to General Butler about General Grant's movements and the fact that he had never yielded up a foot of territory he had captured, Mr. Lincoln said, "Yes; when General Grant gets hold of a place he hangs on to it just as though he had inherited it."

I came in one evening out after a rain to the camp fire, wiping off my sword blade to keep it from rusting. Mr. Lincoln stepped out of his tent and remarked, "That is a very formidable looking weapon, but it is not as formidable as one I had occasion to see at one time in my life. I was coming home from a conference of lawyers in Louisville, after midnight, a bright moonlight night, when suddenly a fellow jumped out of a dark alley and pulled out a bowie knife. It looked to me to be three times as long as that sword. I don't really suppose it was. He flourished it in the moonlight and for about five minutes seemed to be trying to see how near he could come to cutting off my nose without quite doing it, and finally he cried, 'Stranger, can you lend me five dollars on that?' Well, I never got money out of my pocket as fast in my life. I handed him a bill and said, 'There is ten. Now, neighbor, put up your scythe.'" [Laughter.]

Then he came down just after the successful assault on Fort Gilman where the negro troops had distinguished themselves and attracted some attention. He said to General Grant, "I like the way the black boys have behaved and I think I ought to ride out to their camp to see them." So the General mounted with his staff to accompany him out to the camp of the colored troops. When he reached there the troops passed the word around and they rushed out in great numbers,

crying, "Dar's ole Massah Linkum! God bless him! Old Fader Abraham's a-comin', Hallalu!" And they laughed and cheered, and got down on their knees and prayed. Some fondled his horse and others ran to hunt up their comrades and tell them they had kissed the hem of his garment. Mr. Lincoln sat on his horse, his head uncovered, the tears running down their cheeks. It was a pathetic sight to see the homage paid by the liberated to the great liberator.

In riding home he said, "When we started to raise the first colored regiments you know there was a great deal of adverse criticism, but I said to our people 'As long as we are trying to get every able-bodied man down to the front to save the life of this nation, I guess we had better be a little color blind.'" He continued, "I think I can express my appreciation of what the black boys have done here something after the fashion of an old-time Abolitionist in Chicago. Friends brought him in from the country and took him to see Forrest playing 'Othello.' He didn't know it was a white man blacked up, and when they got out he said, 'Well, all sectional prejudice aside, and making due allowance for my partiality for the race, durn me if I don't think the nigger held his own with any on 'em.'" [Laughter.]

Now I must recount only one more of his illustrations—not anecdotes—because it amused us greatly one night. I happened to have a grain of the new powder for the big guns in my hands as he walked by. He looked at it and asked, "What is that?" "A grain of powder," I replied. It was about as big as a walnut. He took it in his hand, looked at it and said, "That is a good deal bigger than the grains of powder we used to have out in Sangamon County when I was a boy. Before the newspapers were published and before there was much advertising in print the little merchants used to do a little free advertising before the preacher arrived at the cross-roads church. One night a man got up, he was a powder merchant, and said, 'Brethren, before the arrival of the preacher I would just like to say that I have received a new invoice of sportin' powder, and the grains are so small you can scarcely see 'em with the naked eye and so polished you can stand in front of 'em and part your hair just like you was before a looking glass.' There was a rival powder merchant there who rose up, boiling over with jealousy, and said, 'Brethren, I hope you won't believe a word Brother Smith says about that powder. I have been down to his store and seen it for myself, and every grain is as big as a lump of stone coal and I pledge you my word that any one here could put a barrel of that powder on his shoulder and march square through hell without any danger of an explosion.'" [Laughter.]

There will be two names always inseparable in American history—Washington and Lincoln. And by the manner in which biographers dwell upon trifling matters you would be led to believe from their writing that one spent his whole life in cutting down trees and the other in splitting them up into rails. [Laughter.]

The difference between them was that Washington never could tell a story and Lincoln always could. But his stories possessed the proper geometrical requisites of excellence—they were never too long and never too broad. [Applause.] I said the stories were illustrations. His wit and humor were the safety valves which gave him relief when he was burdened with the great responsibilities of the nation. I think it had a tendency to prolong his life. He had the true idea of wit — talking in fun and thinking in earnest. Why, he could cut the sting from the keenest criticism with a pleasantry and guild disappointment with

a joke. He knew that in speaking wit is to eloquence what in music melody is to harmony.

But his heart was not always attuned to mirth. Its chords were often set to strains of sadness. The appalling losses in the field, the enemies in the rear as well as in front, the coffers in the treasury well-nigh drained, the foreign complications threatened, were enough to overwhelm an ordinary man. People reviled and slandered him; they could not understand him. His wit was too subtle, his philosophy was too logical, his politics too advanced. It passed their understanding. He had to learn what most men in public life have had to learn, that all hours wound, the last one kills, and that success is like the sunshine, it brings forth the vipers. But even when the gloom was darkest he never faltered. Confident of the righteousness of his cause, he always had the courage of his conviction. He had that sublime faith that can leave the efforts to man, the results to God. It was a faith that could see in the storm cloud a bow of promise, a faith that could hear in the discords of the present the harmonies of the future, a faith that can be likened only to that of the Christian in his Saviour. [Applause.]

Marvelous man! He was a Hercules, not an Adonis. He was the great example set for those who were to follow him. Marvelous man! We fail to find another in all the annals of history whose nature was so gentle, whose life had been so peaceful, who was reared in the cabinet and not the camp, and yet who was called upon to martial the armed hosts of an aroused people and for four long years to direct a fierce, a relentless, a bloody fractricidal war.

It seldom falls to the lot of man to strike the shackles from a race of bondmen, to die the death of a revered martyr with his robes of office still about him, his heart at peace with his fellow man, his soul at peace with God, his country restored to peace within her borders and to peace with all the world. [Applause.]

We did not bury him in a Roman Pantheon, an Escorial, a Wal-halla, a domed St. Paul's or a cloistered Westminster. We gave him nobler sepulture; we laid him to rest in the bosom of the soil his efforts had saved. Future ages will pause to read the inscription on his tomb, and the praises and the prayers of a redeemed and regenerated people will ascend from that consecrated spot as incense arises from holy places, pointing out even to the angels in Heaven where rest the ashes of him who had filled to the very full the largest measure of human greatness, and covered the earth with his renown. [Applause.]

For a time he seemed to be too close to us. He was not yet in the proper focus to be clearly seen. Now, with the lapse of time, he has receded to the proper distance at which we can view perfectly his great qualities, and see them in all their beauty and symmetry. A tree is best measured when it is down. He was taken away from us forty-four years ago. We were then called upon to bid farewell to a leader crowned with the sublimity of martyrdom, saviour of the Republic, liberator of a race, whose true sepulchre is the hearts of the American people.

GENERAL MCCOOK: We have with us to-night a gentleman who knew Mr. Lincoln doubtless before any other man in this room, at all events knew him well and intimately before he became the great figure that he was two or three years afterwards.

The campaign in 1858 in Illinois was the campaign perhaps that developed Mr. Lincoln into a national figure and made him a possible candidate for President. He had a local reputation, of course. He had

been a member of the Legislature of Illinois, a member of the House of Representatives in Congress for one term, and a defeated candidate for Senator, but until his contest with Stephen A. Douglass, familiarly called the "Little Giant," Mr. Lincoln was not generally known throughout the United States.

The debate was watched by the whole country with very great interest, for Mr. Douglass was an adroit and clever speaker and a man thoroughly familiar with public affairs. He won the election to the Senatorship, but with the end of the campaign Mr. Lincoln's position in his own party was so well established, that two years afterwards his nomination for the Presidency followed.

During this campaign Mr. Lincoln had with him a young reporter, Mr. Horace White, who is with us to-night. Long and intimately identified with the literary interests of the country and perfectly familiar with Mr. Lincoln's whole career, what he has to say will be of unusual interest. I take great pleasure in introducing him to you. [Applause.]



Remarks of Horace White

What happened to this country because Abraham Lincoln was elected President in 1860 has been told many times by many men, and will be told through many generations to come. What would have happened if he had not been elected is largely a matter of conjecture, yet it is not devoid of interest. It is the theme to which I shall invite your attention briefly. I am moved to do so by reading in the *Century Magazine* for the present month a few letters, hitherto unpublished, written by Lincoln to Senator Trumbull between the time of his election and that of his inauguration. This period of four months was the critical period in his life and in our nation's history.

When the ballot boxes were closed and the votes counted on the 6th of November, 1860, the question whether slavery should be allowed to enter the new territories west of the Missouri River (which was the very thing supposed to have been decided by the election), started up afresh, and assumed new and overwhelming importance when it was flanked by the threat of secession. Mr. Lincoln was the steadying influence and chief barrier against any surrender of the principles on which he had been elected. If he had failed no other barrier would have been of any avail whatever.

To anybody looking back at the Republican National Convention of 1860, it must be plain that there were only two men who had any chance of being nominated for President.

These were Lincoln and Seward. I was present at the Convention as a spectator and I knew this fact at the time, but it seemed to me at the beginning that Seward's chances were the best. One-third of the delegates of Illinois preferred him and expected to vote for him after a few complimentary ballots for Lincoln. If there had been no Lincoln in the field Seward would certainly have been nominated and then the course of history would have been very different from what it was, for if Seward had been nominated and elected there would have been no forcible opposition to the withdrawal of such States as then desired to secede. And as a consequence the Republican party would have been rent in twain and disabled from making effectual resistance to other demands of the South.

It was Seward's conviction that the policy of non-coercion would have quieted the secession movement in the Border States and that the Gulf States would, after a while, have returned to the Union like repentant prodigal sons. His proposal to Lincoln to seek a quarrel with four European nations, who had done us no harm, in order to arouse a feeling of Americanism in the Confederate States, was an outgrowth of this conviction. It was an indefensible proposition, akin to that which prompted Bismarck to make use of France as an anvil on which to hammer and weld Germany together, but it was not an unpatriotic one, since it was bottomed on a desire to preserve the Union without civil war.

Traces of this idea can be found in the speeches of Jefferson Davis in the Senate before his State seceded. Davis was not an original secessionist. He would have preferred that the secession movement should not extend beyond South Carolina and to that end he used all his

influence against the coercion of that State because coercion of one would inflame the others. It is not impossible that Seward derived his idea from Davis, or more probably was confirmed by him in an idea to which he was previously inclined.

As early as December 11, Lincoln wrote a letter to Congressman Wm. Kellogg, of Illinois, who had shown some signs of an intention to support the Crittenden Compromise. In this letter Lincoln said: "Entertain no proposition for a compromise in regard to the extension of slavery. The instant you do, they have us under again; all our labor is lost, and sooner or later must be done over."

Four days afterwards he wrote to John A. Gilmer, an eminent statesman of North Carolina, in reply to a letter received from him: "Is it desired that I shall shift the ground on which I have been elected? I cannot do it. On the territorial question I am inflexible, as you see my position in the book. On that there is a difference between you and us, and it is the only substantial difference. You think slavery is right, and ought to be extended; we think it is wrong and ought to be restricted. For this neither has any just occasion to be angry with the other."

Two days later (December 17th) he wrote to Thurlow Weed, who was advocating the Crittenden Compromise in his newspaper, that that Compromise "would lose us everything that we gain by the election; that filibustering for all South of us and making slave States of it would follow, in spite of us, in either case."

The *Century Magazine* for February contains the following letter:

"SPRINGFIELD, ILL., December 24, 1860.

"Hon. Lyman Trumbull:

"My dear Sir—Dispatches have come here two days in succession that the forts in South Carolina will be surrendered by order, or consent, at least, of the President. I can scarcely believe this, but if it is true, I will, if our friends in Washington concur, announce publicly at once that they are to be retaken after the inauguration. This will give the Union men a rallying cry, and preparations will proceed somewhat on this side as well as on the other. Yours as ever,

"A. LINCOLN."

I have myself discovered a still later saying of Lincoln during this momentous interval. A letter from Dr. William Jayne to Trumbull, dated Springfield, January 28, 1861, says that Governor Yates had received telegraph dispatches from the Governors of Ohio and Indiana asking whether Illinois would appoint peace commissioners in response to a call sent out by the Governor of Virginia to meet at Washington on the 4th of February. "Lincoln," he continued, "advised Yates not to take any action at present. He said he would rather be hanged by the neck till he was dead on the steps of the Capitol than buy or beg a peaceful inauguration."

The pages of the *Congressional Globe* of 1860-'61 make the two most intensely interesting political volumes in our country's history. They embrace the last words that the North and South had to say to each other before the doors of the temple of Janus were thrown open to the Civil War. As the moment of parting approached the

language became plainer, and its most marked characteristic was not anger, not hatred between the disputants, but failure to understand each other. It was as though the men on either side were looking at an object through glasses of different color, or speaking different languages, or worshipping different gods.

Forty-four years have passed away since the Civil War came to an end and we are now able to take a dispassionate view of the question in dispute. The people of the South are now generally agreed that the institution of slavery was a direful curse to both races. We of the North must confess that there was considerable foundation for the asserted right of States to secede. Although the Constitution did in distinct terms make the Federal Government supreme, it was not so understood by the people either North or South at first. Particularism prevailed everywhere at the beginning. Nationalism was an after growth and a slow growth proceeding mainly from the habit into which people fell of finding their common centre of gravity at Washington City and of viewing it as the place where the American name and fame were blazoned to the world. During the first half century of the Republic the North and South were changing coats from time to time, on the subject of State Rights and the right to secede, but meanwhile the Constitution itself was working silently in the North to undermine the particularism of Jefferson and to strengthen the nationalism of Hamilton. It had accomplished its work in the early thirties, when it found its perfect expression in Webster's reply to Hayne. But the Southern people were just as firmly convinced that Hayne was the victor in that contest as the Northern people were that Webster was. The vast material interests bottomed on slavery offset and neutralized the unifying process in the South, while it continued its wholesome work in the North, and thus the clashing of ideas paved the way for the clash of arms. That the behavior of the slaveholders resulted from the circumstances in which they were placed and not from any innate devilry is a fact now conceded by all impartial men. It was conceded by Lincoln both before the war and during the war, and this fact accounts for the affection bestowed upon him by Southern hearts to-day.

The question has been much discussed whether Crittenden's proposed amendment to the Constitution ought to have been adopted or not. The only plausible argument for adopting it would have been to prevent secession and civil war; and here lies a wide field for difference of opinion as to whether it would have prevented them or not. The chances are ten to one that it would not have been acceptable to the cotton-growing States. But if we admit that the compromise would have prevented secession for the time being, slavery would have still remained a festering sore and direful curse. All the elements of discord that had been seething and bubbling like lava fires for forty years would have remained in full blast, except the single one of the territorial question, and that one would have continued to burn in the North. Abolition societies would have multiplied. The underground railroad would have done more business than ever. Other John Browns might have arisen. All these things would have operated upon the active fears and hot temper of the South just as before. Both sides would have used the interval of mock peace to prepare for war, and the irrepressible conflict would have come later. So the election of Lincoln decided that a war which was unavoidable should take place in 1861 instead of later, and that it should be fought by a united North instead of a divided one.

GENERAL McCook: It is impossible on this occasion not to recall the fact that, between the spring of 1865 and the autumn of 1901, three Presidents of the United States have been assassinated. These cowardly and brutal crimes shocked the world, but the fact remains that in this free country of ours, Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley have been murdered within thirty-five years.

The first to fall was Mr. Lincoln, and we have here to-night an old member of the Commandery who was with him in a professional capacity during his dying hours. Everything connected with the life and death of Mr. Lincoln is, of course, of great interest to us and to the country, and I take pleasure in introducing Dr. Leale, who will speak of his experience on that occasion.



Lincoln's Last Hours

By Charles A. Leale, M. D.

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Commander and Companions of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States:

At the historic pageant in Washington, when the remains of President Lincoln were being taken from the White House to the Capitol, a carriage immediately preceding the catafalque was assigned to me. Outside were the crowds, the martial music, but inside the carriage I was plunged in deep self-communion, until aroused by a gentle tap at the window of my carriage door. An officer of high rank put his head inside and exclaimed: "Dr. Leale, I would rather have done what you did to prolong the life of the President than to have accomplished my duties during the entire war." I shrank back at what he said, and for the first time realized the importance of it all. As soon as I returned to my private office in the hospital, I drew down the window-shade, locked the door, threw myself prostrate on the bare wood floor and asked for advice. The answer came as distinctly as if spoken by a human being present: "Forget it all." I visited our Surgeon General, Joseph K. Barnes, and asked his advice; he also said: "Cast it from your memory."

On April 17, 1865, a New York newspaper reporter called at my army tent. I invited him in, and expressed my desire to forget all the recent sad events, and to occupy my mind with the exacting present and plans for the future.

Recently, several of our Companions expressed the conviction, that history now demands, and that it is my duty to give the detailed facts of President Lincoln's death as I know them, and in compliance with their request, I this evening for the first time will read a paper on the subject.

Lincoln's Last Hours

One of the most cruel wars in the history of the world had nearly closed.

The people of the United States were rejoicing at the prospect of peace and returning happiness. President Lincoln, after the surrender of General Robert E. Lee, visited Richmond, Virginia, exposing himself to great danger, and on his return delivered an address from the balcony of the White House.

I was then a Commissioned Officer in the Medical Department of the United States Army, having been appointed from my native State, New York, and was on duty as Surgeon in charge of the Wounded Commissioned Officers' Ward at the United States Army General Hospital, Armory Square, Washington, District of Columbia, where my professional duties were of the greatest importance and required constant and arduous attention. For a brief relief and a few moments

in the fresh air I started one evening for a short walk on Pennsylvania Avenue. There were crowds walking toward the President's residence. These I followed and arrived just at the commencement of President Lincoln's last public address to his people. From where I stood I could distinctly hear every word he uttered and I was profoundly impressed with his divine appearance as he stood in the rays of light, which penetrated the windows of the White House.

The influence thus produced gave me an intense desire again to behold his face and study the characteristics of the "Savior of his Country." Therefore on the evening of April 14, 1865, after the completion of my daily hospital duties, I told my Ward Master that I would be absent for a short time. As a very large number from the Army stationed near Washington frequently visited the city, a general order was in force that none should be there without a special pass and all wearing uniform and out at night were subject to frequent challenge. To avoid this inconvenience officers stationed in Washington generally removed all signs of their calling when off duty. I changed to civilian's dress and hurried to Ford's Theatre, where I had been told President Lincoln, General Grant, and Members of the Cabinet were to be present to see the play, "Our American Cousin." I arrived late at the theatre, 8.15 p. m., and requested a seat in the orchestra, whence I could view the occupants of the President's box, which on looking into the theatre, I saw had been beautifully decorated with American flags in honor of the occasion. As the building was crowded the last place vacant was in the dress circle. I was greatly disappointed, but accepted this seat, which was near the front on the same side and about 40 feet from the President's box, and soon became interested in the pleasing play.

Suddenly there was a cheering welcome, the acting ceased temporarily out of respect to the entering Presidential party. Many in the audience rose to their feet in enthusiasm and vociferously cheered, while looking around. Turning, I saw in the aisle a few feet behind me, President Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln, Major Rathbone and Miss Harris. Mrs. Lincoln smiled very happily in acknowledgment of the loyal greeting, gracefully curtsied several times and seemed to be overflowing with good cheer and thankfulness. I had the best opportunity to distinctly see the full face of the President, as the light shone directly upon him. After he had walked a few feet he stopped for a moment, looked upon the people he loved and acknowledged their salutations with a solemn bow. His face was perfectly stoical, his deep set eyes gave him a pathetically sad appearance. The audience seemed to be enthusiastically cheerful, but he alone looked peculiarly sorrowful, as he slowly walked with bowed head and drooping shoulders toward the box. I was looking at him as he took his last walk. The memory of that scene has never been effaced. The party was preceded by a special usher, who opened the door of the box, stood to one side, and after all had entered closed the door and took a seat outside, where he could guard the entrance to the box. The play was resumed and my attention was concentrated on the stage until I heard a disturbance at the door of the President's box. With many others I looked in that direction, and saw a man endeavoring to persuade the reluctant usher to admit him. At last he succeeded in gaining an entrance, after which the door was closed and the usher resumed his place.

For a few moments all was quiet, and the play again held my attention until, suddenly, the report of a pistol was heard, and a short

time after I saw a man in mid-air leaping from the President's box to the stage, brandishing in his hand a drawn dagger. His spur caught in the American flag festooned in front of the box, causing him to stumble when he struck the stage, and he fell on his hands and knees. He quickly regained the erect posture and hopped across the stage, flourishing his dagger, clearing the stage before him and dragging the foot of the leg, which was subsequently found to be broken, he disappeared behind the scene on the opposite side of the stage. Then followed cries that the President had been murdered, interspersed with cries of "Kill the murderer!" "Shoot him!" etc., from different parts of the building. The lights had been turned down, a general gloom was over all, and the panic-stricken audience were rushing toward the doors for exit and safety.

I instantly arose and in response to cries for help and for a surgeon, I crossed the aisle and vaulted over the seats in a direct line to the President's box, forcing my way through the excited crowd. The door of the box had been securely fastened on the inside to prevent anyone following the assassin before he had accomplished his cruel object and made his escape. The obstruction was with difficulty removed and I was the first to be admitted to the box.

The usher having been told that I was an army surgeon, had lifted up his arm and had permitted me alone to enter.

I passed in, not in the slightest degree knowing what I had to encounter. At this moment, while in self-communion, the military command: "Halt!" came to me, and in obedience to it I stood still in the box, having a full view of the four other occupants. Then came the advice: "Be calm!" and with the calmest deliberation and force of will I brought all my senses to their greatest activity and walked forward to my duty.

Major Rathbone had bravely fought the assassin; his arm had been severely wounded and was bleeding. He came to me holding his wounded arm in the hand of the other, beseeching me to attend to his wound. I placed my hand under his chin, looking into his eyes an almost instantaneous glance revealed the fact that he was in no immediate danger, and in response to appeals from Mrs. Lincoln and Miss Harris, who were standing by the high-backed armchair in which President Lincoln sat, I went immediately to their assistance, saying I was a United States army surgeon. I grasped Mrs. Lincoln's outstretched hand in mine, while she cried piteously to me, "Oh, Doctor! Is he dead? Can he recover? Will you take charge of him? Do what you can for him. Oh, my dear husband!" etc., etc. I soothingly answered that we would do all that possibly could be done. While approaching the President, I asked a gentleman, who was at the door of the box, to procure some brandy and another to get some water.

As I looked at the President, he appeared to be dead. His eyes were closed and his head had fallen forward. He was being held upright in his chair by Mrs. Lincoln, who was weeping bitterly. From his crouched down sitting posture it was evident that Mrs. Lincoln had instantly sprung to his aid after he had been wounded and had kept him from tumbling to the floor. By Mrs. Lincoln's courage, strength and energy the President was maintained in this upright position during all the time that elapsed while Major Rathbone had bravely fought the assassin and removed the obstruction from the door of the box.

I placed my finger on the President's right radial pulse but could perceive no movement of the artery. For the purpose of reviving him, if possible, we removed him from his chair to a recumbent position on the floor of the box, and as I held his head and shoulders while doing this, my hand came in contact with a clot of blood near his left shoulder. Remembering the flashing dagger in the hand of the assassin, and the severely bleeding wound of Major Rathbone, I supposed the President had been stabbed, and while kneeling on the floor over his head, with my eyes continuously watching the President's face, I asked a gentleman to cut the coat and shirt open from the neck to the elbow to enable me, if possible, to check the hemorrhage that I thought might take place from the subclavian artery or some other blood vessel. This was done with a dirk knife, but no wound was found there. I lifted his eyelids and saw evidence of a brain injury. I quickly passed the separated fingers of both hands through his blood matted hair to examine his head, and I discovered his mortal wound. The President had been shot in the back part of the head, behind the left ear. I easily removed the obstructing clot of blood from the wound, and this relieved the pressure on the brain.

The assassin of President Lincoln had evidently carefully planned to shoot to produce instant death, as the wound he made was situated within two inches of the physiological point of selection, when instant death is desired. A Derringer pistol had been used, which had sent a large round ball on its awful mission through one of the thickest, hardest parts of the skull and into the brain. The history of surgery fails to record a recovery from such a fearful wound and I have never seen or heard of any other person with such a wound, and injury to the sinus of the brain and to the brain itself, who lived even for an hour.

As the President did not then revive, I thought of the other mode of death, apnoea, and assumed my preferred position to revive by artificial respiration. I knelt on the floor over the President, with a knee on each side of his pelvis and facing him. I leaned forward, opened his mouth and introduced two extended fingers of my right hand as far back as possible, and by pressing the base of his paralyzed tongue downward and outward, opened his larynx and made a free passage for air to enter the lungs. I placed an assistant at each of his arms to manipulate them in order to expand his thorax, then slowly to press the arms down by the side of the body, while I pressed the diaphragm upward: methods which caused air to be drawn in and forced out of his lungs.

During the intermissions I also with the strong thumb and fingers of my right hand by intermittent sliding pressure under and beneath the ribs, stimulated the apex of the heart, and resorted to several other physiological methods. We repeated these motions a number of times before signs of recovery from the profound shock were attained; then a feeble action of the heart and irregular breathing followed.

The effects of the shock were still manifest by such great prostration, that I was fearful of any extra agitation of the President's body, and became convinced that something more must be done to retain life. I leaned forcibly forward directly over his body, thorax to thorax, face to face, and several times drew in a long breath, then forcibly breathed directly into his mouth and nostrils, which expanded his lungs and improved his respirations. After waiting a moment I placed my ear over his thorax and found the action of the heart improving. I arose to the erect kneeling posture, then watched for a short time,

and saw that the President could continue independent breathing and that instant death would not occur.

I then pronounced my diagnosis and prognosis: "His wound is mortal; it is impossible for him to recover." This message was telegraphed all over the country.

When the brandy and water arrived, I very slowly poured a small quantity into the President's mouth, this was swallowed and retained.

Many looked on during these earnest efforts to revive the President, but not once did any one suggest a word or in any way interfere with my actions. Mrs. Lincoln had thrown the burden on me and sat nearby looking on.

In the dimly lighted box of the theatre, so beautifully decorated with American flags, a scene of historic importance was being enacted. On the carpeted floor lay prostrate the President of the United States. His long, outstretched, athletic body of six feet four inches appeared unusually heroic. His bleeding head rested on my white linen handkerchief. His clothing was arranged as nicely as possible. He was irregularly breathing, his heart was feebly beating, his face was pale and in solemn repose, his eyelids were closed, his countenance made him appear to be in prayerful communion with the Universal God he always loved. I looked down upon him and waited for the next inspiration, which soon came: "Remove to safety." From the time Mrs. Lincoln had placed the President in my charge, I had not permitted my attention to be diverted. Again I was asked the nature of his wound and replied in these exact words: "His wound is mortal; it is impossible for him to recover."

While I was kneeling over the President on the floor Dr. Charles S. Taft and Dr. Albert F. A. King had come and offered to render any assistance. I expressed the desire to have the President taken, as soon as he had gained sufficient strength, to the nearest house on the opposite side of the street. I was asked by several if he could not be taken to the White House, but I responded that if that were attempted the President would die long before we reached there. While we were waiting for Mr. Lincoln to gain strength Laura Keene, who had been taking part in the play, appealed to me to allow her to hold the President's head. I granted this request and she sat on the floor of the box and held his head on her lap.

We decided that the President could now be moved from the possibility of danger in the theatre to a house where we might place him on a bed in safety. To assist in this duty I assigned Dr. Taft to carry his right shoulder, Dr. King to carry his left shoulder and detailed a sufficient number of others, whose names I have never discovered, to assist in carrying the body, while I carried his head, going first. We reached the door of the box and saw the long passage leading to the exit crowded with people. I called out twice: "Guards, clear the passage! Guards, clear the passage!" A free space was quickly cleared by an officer and protected by a line of soldiers in the position of present arms with swords, pistols and bayonets. When we reached the stairs, I turned so that those holding the President's feet would descend first. At the door of the theatre, I was again asked if the President could be taken to the White House. I answered: "No, the President would die on the way."

The crowd in the street completely obstructed the doorway and a captain, whose services proved invaluable all through the night, came to me, saying: "Surgeon, give me your commands and I will see that they are obeyed." I asked him to clear a passage to the nearest house

opposite. He had on side arms and drew his sword. With the sword and word of command he cleared the way. We slowly crossed the street. It was necessary to stop several times to give me the opportunity to remove the clot of blood from the opening to the wound. A barrier of men had been formed to keep back the crowds on each side of an open space leading to the house. Those who went ahead reported that the house directly opposite the theatre was closed. I saw a man standing at the door of Mr. Petersen's house, diagonally opposite, holding a lighted candle in his hand and beckoning us to enter. This we did, not having been interrupted in the slightest by the throngs in the street, but a number of the excited populace followed us into the house.

The great difficulty of retaining life during this brief time occupied in moving the President from the theatre to Mr. Petersen's house, conclusively proved that the President would have died in the street if I had granted the request to take him such a long distance as to the White House. I asked for the best room and we soon had the President placed in bed. He was lifted to the longitudinal center of the bed and placed on his back. While holding his face upward and keeping his head from rolling to either side, I looked at his elevated knees caused by his great height. This uncomfortable position grieved me and I ordered the foot of the bed to be removed. Dr. Taft and Dr. King reported that it was a fixture. Then I requested that it be broken off; as I found this could not satisfactorily be done, I had the President placed diagonally on the bed and called for extra pillows, and with them formed a gentle inclined plane on which to rest his head and shoulders. His position was then one of repose.

The room soon filled with anxious people. I called the officer and asked him to open a window and order all except the medical gentlemen and friends to leave the room. After we had given the President a short rest I decided to make a thorough physical examination, as I wished to see if he had been wounded in any other part of the body. I requested all except the surgeons to leave the room. The Captain reported that my order had been carried out with the exception of Mrs. Lincoln, to whom he said he did not like to speak. I addressed Mrs. Lincoln, explaining my desire, and she immediately left the room. I examined the President's entire body from his head to his feet and found no other injury. His lower extremities were very cold and I sent the Hospital Steward, who had been of great assistance to us in removing the President from the theatre, to procure bottles of hot water and hot blankets, which were applied. I also sent for a large sinapism and in a short time one very nicely made was brought. This I applied over the solar-plexus and to the anterior surface of his body. We arranged the bed clothes nicely and I assigned Dr. Taft and Dr. King to keep his head upon the pillows in the most comfortable position, relieving each other in this duty, after which I sent an officer to notify Mrs. Lincoln that she might return to her husband; she came in and sat on a chair placed for her at the head of the bed.

As the symptoms indicated renewed brain compression, I again cleared the opening of clotted blood and pushed forward the button of bone, which acted as a valve, permitted an oozing of blood and relieved pressure on the brain. I again saw good results from this action.

After doing all that was professionally necessary, I stood aside for a general view and to think what to do next. While thus watching several army officers anxiously asked if they could in any way assist. I told them my greatest desire then was to send messengers to the White House for the President's son, Captain Robert T. Lincoln, also for the Surgeon General, Joseph K. Barnes, Surgeon D. Willard Bliss, in

charge of Armory Square General Hospital, the President's family physician, Dr. Robert K. Stone, and to each member of the President's Cabinet. All these desires of mine were fulfilled.

Having been taught in early youth to pay great respect to all religious denominations in regard to their rules concerning the sick or dying, it became my duty as surgeon in charge of the dying President to summon a clergyman to his bedside. Therefore after inquiring and being informed that the Rev. Dr. Gurley was Mrs. Lincoln's pastor, I immediately sent for him.

Then I sent the Hospital Steward for a Nelaton probe. No drug or medicine in any form was administered to the President, but the artificial heat and mustard plaster that I had applied warmed his cold body and stimulated his nerves. Only a few were at any time admitted to the room by the officer, whom I had stationed at the door, and at all times I had maintained perfect discipline and order.

While we were watching and letting Nature do her part, Dr. Taft came to me with brandy and water and asked permission to give some to the President. I objected, stating as my reason that it would produce strangulation. Dr. Taft left the room, and again came to me stating that it was the opinion of others also that it might do good. I replied: "I will grant the request, if you will please at first try by pouring only a very small quantity into the President's mouth." This Dr. Taft very carefully did, the liquid ran into the President's larynx producing laryngeal obstruction and unpleasant symptoms, which took me about half a minute to overcome, but no lasting harm was done. My physiological and practical experiences had led to correct conclusions.

On the arrival of Dr. Robert K. Stone, who had been the President's family physician during his residence in Washington, I was presented to him as the one who had been in charge since the President was shot. I described the wound and told him all that had been done. He said he approved of my treatment.

Surgeon General Joseph K. Barnes' long delay in arriving was due to his going first to the White House, where he expected to find the assassinated President, then to the residence of Secretary Seward and his son, both of whom he found requiring immediate attention, as they had been severely wounded by the attempts of another assassin to kill them.

On the arrival of the Surgeon General and Assistant Surgeon General, Charles H. Crane, I reported what we had done and officially detailed to the Surgeon General my diagnosis, stating that whenever the clot was allowed to form over the opening to the wound the President's breathing became greatly embarrassed. The Surgeon General approved the treatment and my original plan of treatment was continued in every respect until the President's death.

The Hospital Steward arrived with the Nelaton probe and an examination was made by the Surgeon General and myself, who introduced the probe to a distance of about two and a half inches, where it came in contact with a foreign substance, which lay across the track of the ball; this was easily passed and the probe was introduced several inches further where it again touched a hard substance at first supposed to be the ball, but as the white porcelain bulb of the probe on its withdrawal did not indicate the mark of lead it was generally thought to be another piece of loose bone. The probe was introduced the second time and the ball was supposed to be distinctly felt. After this second exploration nothing further was done with the wound except to keep the opening free from coagula, which, if allowed to form and remain

for a short time, produced signs of increased compression, the breathing becoming profoundly stertorous and intermittent, the pulse more feeble and irregular. After I had resigned my charge all that was professionally done for the President was to repeat occasionally my original expedient of relieving the brain pressure by freeing the opening to the wound and to count the pulse and respirations. The President's position on the bed remained exactly as I had first placed him with the assistance of Dr. Taft and Dr. King.

Captain Robert T. Lincoln came and remained with his father and mother, bravely sustaining himself during the course of the night.

On that awful memorable night the great War Secretary, the Honorable Edwin M. Stanton, one of the most imposing figures of the nineteenth century, promptly arrived and recognized at that critical period of our country's history the necessity of a head to our Government and as the President was passing away established a branch of his War Department in an adjoining room. There he sat, surrounded by his counsellors and messengers, pen in hand, writing to General Dix and others. He was soon in communication with many in authority and with the Government and army officials. By Secretary Stanton's wonderful ability and power in action, he undoubtedly controlled millions of excited people. He was then the Master, and in reality Acting President of the United States.

During the night Mrs. Lincoln came frequently from the adjoining room accompanied by a lady friend. At one time Mrs. Lincoln exclaimed, sobbing bitterly: "Oh! that my little Taddy might see his father before he died!" This was decided not advisable. As Mrs. Lincoln sat on a chair by the side of the bed with her face to her husband's his breathing became very stertorous and the loud, unnatural noise frightened her in her exhausted, agonized condition. She sprang up suddenly with a piercing cry and fell fainting to the floor. Secretary Stanton hearing her cry came in from the adjoining room and with raised arms called out loudly: "Take that woman out and do not let her in again." Mrs. Lincoln was helped up kindly and assisted in a fainting condition from the room. Secretary Stanton's order was obeyed and Mrs. Lincoln did not see her husband again before he died.

As Captain Lincoln was consoling his mother in another room, and as I had promised Mrs. Lincoln to do all I possibly could for her husband, I took the place of kindred and continuously held the President's right hand firmly, with one exception of less than a minute, when my sympathies compelled me to seek the disconsolate wife. I found her reclining in a nearby room, being comforted by her son. Without stopping in my walk, I passed the room where Secretary Stanton sat at his official table and returning took the hand of the dying President in mine. The hand that had signed the Emancipation Proclamation liberating 4,000,000 slaves.

As morning dawned it became quite evident that the President was sinking, and at several times his pulse could not be counted. Two or three feeble pulsations being noticed, followed by an intermission when not the slightest movements of the artery could be felt. The inspirations became very prolonged and labored, accompanied by a guttural sound. The respirations ceased for some time and several anxiously looked at their watches until the profound silence was disturbed by a prolonged inspiration, which was followed by a sonorous expiration.

During these moments the Surgeon General occupied a chair by the head of the President's bed and occasionally held his finger over the carotid artery to note its pulsations. Dr. Stone sat on the edge of the foot of the bed, and I stood holding the President's right hand with my

extended forefinger on his pulse, being the only one between the bed and the wall, the bed having been drawn out diagonally for that purpose. While we were anxiously watching in profound solemn silence, the Rev. Dr. Gurley said: "Let us pray," and offered a most impressive prayer. After which we witnessed the last struggle between life and death.

At this time my knowledge of physiology, pathology and psychology told me that the President was totally blind as a result of blood pressure on the brain, as indicated by the paralysis, dilated pupils, protruding and bloodshot eyes, but all the time I acted on the belief that if his sense of hearing or feeling remained, he could possibly hear me when I sent for his son, the voice of his wife when she spoke to him and that the last sound he heard, may have been his pastor's prayer, as he finally committed his soul to God.

Knowledge that frequently just before departure recognition and reason return to those who have been unconscious caused me for several hours to hold his right hand firmly within my grasp to let him in his blindness know, if possible, that he was in touch with humanity and had a friend.

The protracted struggle ceased at twenty minutes past seven o'clock on the morning of April 15, 1865, and I announced that the President was dead.

Immediately after death the few remaining in the room knelt around the bed while the Rev. Dr. Gurley delivered one of the most impressive prayers ever uttered, that our Heavenly Father look down in pity upon the bereaved family and preserve our afflicted and sorrow-stricken country.

Then I gently smoothed the President's contracted facial muscles, took two coins from my pocket, placed them over his eyelids and drew a white sheet over the martyr's face. I had been the means, in God's hand, of prolonging the life of President Abraham Lincoln for nine hours.

Every necessary act of love, devotion, skill and loyalty had been rendered during his helpless hours to the President of the United States, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, to the beloved of millions of people throughout the world.

Many reported, anxious in any way to be of service. I accepted their offers to the extent of abundantly filling every want. Of all the people I have met in different parts of the world, I have found that as a class, good Americans are not to be excelled when occasions demand, in strength, endurance, calmness, good judgment, ardent loyal devotion and self-sacrificing love.

By prolonging the life of President Lincoln, his son Robert, whom I sent for, was enabled to see his father alive. Physicians and surgeons, lawyer and clergyman, whom I sent for, visited the President and were given time to deliberate. Members of the Cabinet, whom I sent for with soldiers and sailors and friends, had the opportunity to surround him. Millions of dangerous, excited and disappointed people were morally dissuaded from acts of discord. The nation was held in suppressed, sympathetic suspense and control, when the people heard that the President was living, though severely wounded and dying.

Before the people had time to realize the situation there was another President of the United States and the grandeur of the continuity of the Republic was confirmed.

After all was over, and as I stood by the side of the covered mortal remains I thought: "You have fulfilled your promise to the wife, your duty now is to the many living, suffering, wounded officers com-

mitted to your care in your ward at Armory Square General Hospital, and I left the house in deep meditation. In my lonely walk I was aroused from my reveries by the cold drizzling rain dropping on my bare head, my hat I had left in my seat at the theatre. My clothing was stained with blood, I had not once been seated since I first sprang to the President's aid; I was cold, weary and sad. The dawn of peace was again clouded, the most cruel war in history had not completely ended. Our long sorrowing country vividly came before me as I thought how essential it was to have an organization composed of returning soldiers to guard and protect the officers of state and uphold the Constitution. This great need was simultaneously recognized by others, for on that day, April 15, 1865, there assembled at Philadelphia a few army officers for that purpose and originated the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States.

Among the archives of our organization, the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, we have recorded:—

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

President of the United States, March 4, 1861, to April 15, 1865. Born February 12, 1809, Hardin (La Rue County), Kentucky. Assassinated April 14, 1865; died April 15, 1865, at Washington, D. C. Enrolled by Special Resolution, to date from April 15, 1865.

I herewith give in the order in which they arrived, the names of the physicians and surgeons, and the clergyman whom I recognized as taking a professional part in the physical, mental or spiritual welfare of the President from the time he was shot until his death. The first person to enter the box after the President was shot, and who took charge of him at the request of Mrs. Lincoln, was myself, Charles A. Leale, M. D., Assistant Surgeon, United States Volunteers and the surgeon in charge of the ward containing the wounded commissioned officers at the United States Army General Hospital, Armory Square, Washington, D. C. The next who reported and simultaneously offered their services to me, which were accepted, were Charles S. Taft, M. D., Acting Assistant Surgeon, United States Army, and Albert F. A. King, M. D., Acting Assistant Surgeon, United States Army. Then apparently a very long time after we had cared for the President in Mr. Petersen's house, and in response to the numerous messengers whom I had sent, there arrived Robert K. Stone, M. D., Mrs. Lincoln's family physician; Joseph K. Barnes, M. D., Surgeon General, United States Army; Charles H. Crane, M. D., Assistant Surgeon General, United States Army, and the Rev. Dr. Gurley, Mrs. Lincoln's pastor. During the night several other physicians unknown to me called, and through courtesy I permitted some of them to feel the President's pulse, but none of them touched the wound.

Later in the forenoon as I was in the midst of important surgical duties at our hospital, I was notified by my lady nurse that a messenger had called inviting me to be present at the necropsy. Later a doctor called for the same purpose. I respectfully asked to be excused, as I did not dare to leave the large number of severely wounded expecting my usual personal care. I was fearful that the shock of hearing of the sudden death of the President might cause trouble in their depressed painful conditions.

One of my patients was profoundly depressed. He said to me: "Doctor, all we have fought for is gone. Our country is destroyed, and I want to die." This officer the day before was safely recovering from an amputation. I called my lady nurse, "Please closely watch Lieutenant ———; cheer him as much as possible, and give him two

ounces of wine every two hours," etc., etc. This brave soldier received the greatest kindness and skillful care, but he would not rally from the shock and died in a short time.

Among my relics I have a photograph taken a few days later in full staff uniform as I appeared at the obsequies. The crape has never been removed from my sword. I have my cuffs stained with the martyr's blood, also my card of invitation to the funeral services, held on Wednesday, April 19, which I attended, having been assigned a place at the head of the coffin at the White House, and a carriage immediately preceding the catafalque in the grand funeral procession from the White House to the Capitol; where during the public ceremonies I was assigned to a place at the head of the casket as it rested beneath the rotunda.

One of the most devoted of those who remained in the room with the dying President was Senator Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts. He visited me subsequently and said: "Dr. Leale, do you remember that I remained all the time until President Lincoln died?" Senator Sumner was profoundly affected by this great calamity to both North and South.

On my visit to Secretary Seward some time after the President's death, he was still suffering from his fracture and from the brutal attacks of the assassin, who made such a desperate attempt to kill him on that fatal night.

When I again met Secretary Stanton we sat alone in his private office. He was doing his utmost to continue what he deemed best for our country. The long continued strain and great burden had left their deep impress upon him. At the close of my call we shook hands fraternally.

After the war had closed Governor Fenton, of New York State, one of the "War Governors," came to me and said: "Dr. Leale, I will give you anything possible within my power." I responded: "I sincerely thank you, Governor; but I desire nothing, as I wish to follow my mission in life."

The city of Washington was wrapped in a mantle of gloom. The President had known his people and had a heart full of love for his soldiers and sailors. With "malice toward none" he alone seemed to have the power to restore fraternal love. He alone appeared able to quickly heal his country's wound.

In May there occurred in Washington one of the most pathetic and historic events, the return of the Northern Army for the final review of more than 70,000 veterans. A grandstand had been erected in front of the White House for the new President, his Cabinet, Officers of State, Foreign Ministers and others. I had a seat on this grandstand, from which on May 24th we watched one of the most imposing parades recorded in history. Among the many heroes, I recall the passing of stately General William Tecumseh Sherman on his majestic horse, which had been garlanded with roses. After we had been sitting there for several hours a foreign official tapped me on the shoulder and said: "What will become of these thousands of soldiers after their discharge?" I answered: "They will return to their homes all over the country and soon be at work doing their utmost to pay off the national debt." He replied: "Is it possible! No other country could expect such a result."

All had lost comrades, many were to return to desolate and broken homes. Amidst all the grandeur of victory there was profound sorrow. Among the thousands of passing veterans, there were many who looked for their former Commander-in-Chief, but their "Father Abraham" had answered to his last bugle call and with more than 300,000 comrades had been mustered out.

